CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN THE MARTYR.

A

Solemn Requiem

TO BE SUNG AT

THE FUNERAL

OF THE REV.

Alexander Heriot Mackonochie,

ON

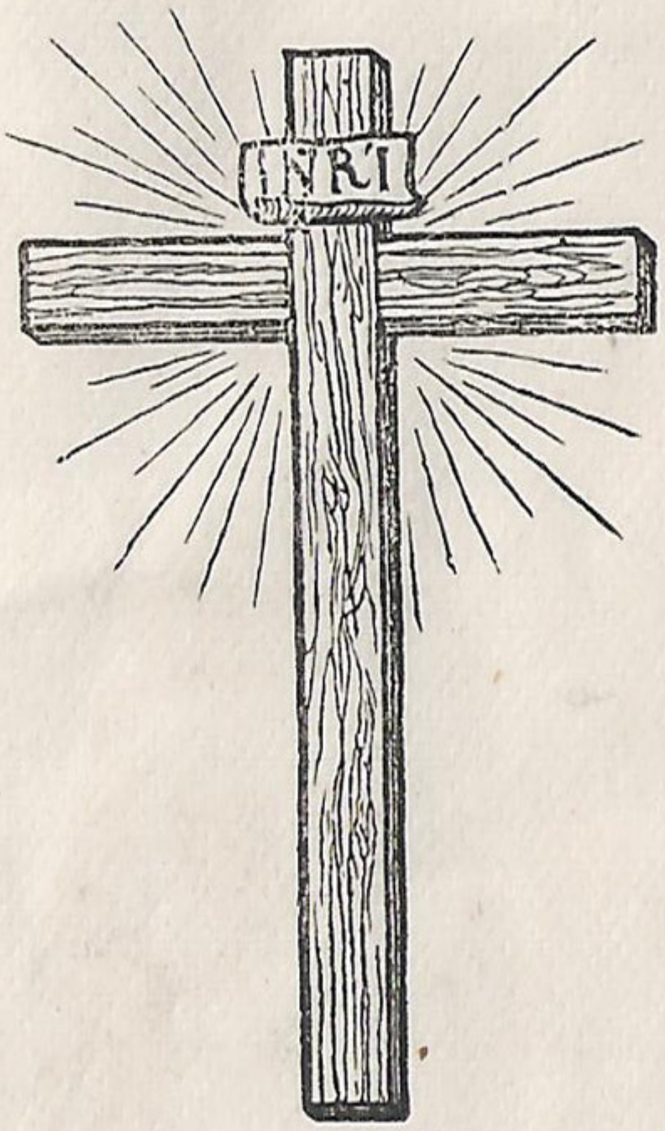
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887,

At 11 a.m.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The Offertory will be given to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, for his Diocese.

"YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU ART WITH ME."

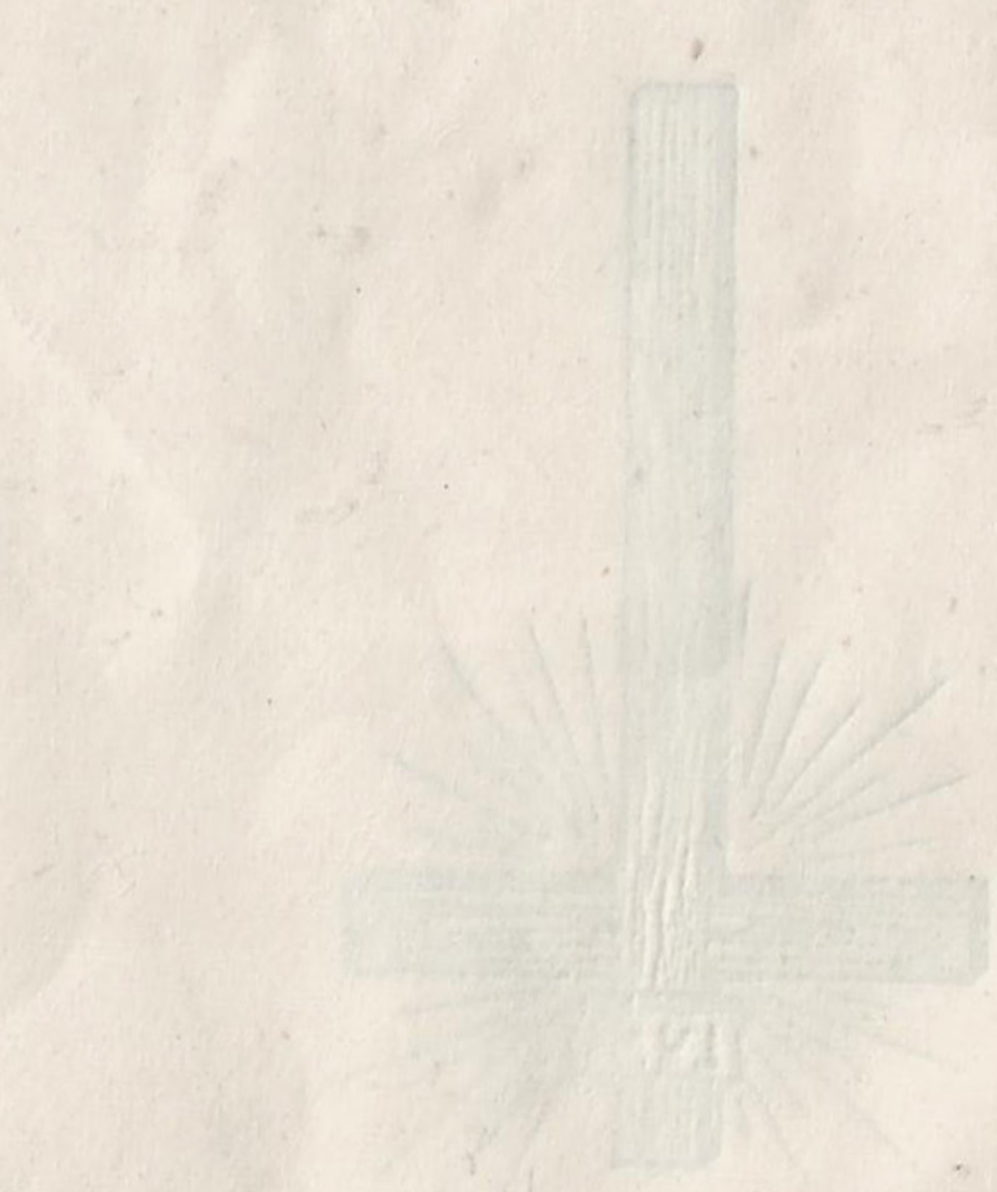


Of your Charity pray for the Soul

OF

ALEXANDER HERIOT MACKONOCHIE.

R. I. P.



ORDER OF SERVICE.

Introit.

REST eternal grant to | him, O Lord: and may light perpetual shine up | on him.

Ps. Thou, O God, art | praised in Sion: and unto Thee shall the vow be performed | in Jerusalem. Thou that | hearest the prayer: unto | Thee shall all flesh come. —(*Tone* iv.)

Rest eternal, &c.

Kyrie.

The Collect.

O MERCIFUL GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Resurrection and the Life; in Whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him, shall not die eternally; Who also hath taught us (by His holy Apostle S. Paul) not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him: We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is there our brethren do; and that at the general Resurrection in the last day we may be found acceptable in Thy sight, and receive that blessing which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and

fear Thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world : Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

The Epistle.

1 Thessalonians iv. 13.

BRETHREN, I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, aud with the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

Gradual.

Rest eternal grant to | him, O Lord : and may light per | petual shine upon him.

℣. The righteous shall be had in ever | lasting remembrance : he will not be afraid for | any evil tidings. —(*Tone* i.)

Tract.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O | Lord : Lord | hear my voice. ℣. O let thine ears consider | well : the voice of | my complaint. ℣. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark

what is done a | miss : O Lord, who may a | bide it. ℣. For there is mercy with | Thee : therefore shalt Thou be | feared.
—(*Tone* ii.)

Sequence.

DAY of wrath ! O Day of mourning !
See once more the Cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth !
On Whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !

Death is struck, and nature quaking :
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded,
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth !

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of majesty tremendous !
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

Think, kind Jesu ! my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savest,
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favoured sheep, oh place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart submission:
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Help me in my last condition!

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him!
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord, Who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem. Amen.

The Gospel.

S. John xi. 21.

MARTHA said unto Jesus, Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

Offertory.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

Sanctus.

Benedictus

The Agnus Dei.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: grant him rest.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: grant him rest.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: grant him rest everlasting.

Communion.

To him in whose memory the Blood of Christ | is received : grant, O Lord, rest | everlasting. ℣. And let | light perpetual : shine | upon him.

To him in whose memory the Body of Christ | is received : grant, O Lord, rest | everlasting. ℣. And let | light perpetual : shine | upon him.

—(*Tone* vii.)

The Pater noster.

Antiphon.

May light eternal shine upon him, O Lord, with Thy Saints for ever | more : for | Thou art gracious. ℣. Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord ; and may light perpetual shine upon him with Thy Saints for ev | ermore : for | Thou art gracious.

—(*Tone* vi.)

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At the Conclusion of the Mass the First Part of the Burial Service is said.

After which,

The Absolution.

ENTER not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man be justified, except Thou grant him remission of his sins. Let not then, we beseech Thee, the sentence of Thy judgment weigh heavy upon him whom the sincere prayer of Christian faith doth commend unto Thee : but with the help of Thy grace, may he who in this life was sealed with the sign of the Holy Trinity, attain to escape the judgment of vengeance, O Thou that livest and reignest, world without end. ℟. Amen.

DELIVER me, O Lord, from everlasting death in that dreadful day, when the heavens and the earth shall be moved: when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

℣. Fear and trembling have taken hold on me, while I await that Account and the coming Wrath. ℟. When the heavens and the earth shall be moved.

℣. O that day, that day of wrath, of sorrow, and misery: that great and very bitter day.

℟. When Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

℣. Eternal rest, &c.

Repeat the Verse, Deliver me, O Lord, &c.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Our Father, &c.

(*While the Lord's Prayer is said in silence, the Priest goes round the Bier, and incenses it.*)

And lead us not into temptation.
℟. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

℣. From the Gates of Hell.
℟. Deliver his soul, O Lord.
℣. May he rest in peace.
℟. Amen.

℣. O Lord hear my prayer.
℟. And let my cry come unto Thee.
℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O GOD, whose property is ever to have mercy and to spare; we suppliantly entreat Thee on behalf of the soul of Thy servant

and priest ALEXANDER HERIOT, whom Thou hast this day bidden to pass out of this life: deliver him not, we beseech Thee, into the hands of the enemy, nor be Thou unmindful of him for ever, but command that he may be taken up by Thy holy Angels, and borne to our home in Heaven; that as he put his faith and trust in Thee, he may not undergo the pains of hell, but obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(*As the Body is borne out of Church.*)

Into Paradise may the Angels lead thee; at thy coming may the Martyrs receive thee, and bring thee into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of Angels receive thee; and with Lazarus himself, once poor, mayest thou have everlasting rest.

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On leaving the Church.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past!
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c. Amen.

At the Grave.

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide:
Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

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